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LIBERTY:

OR, THE

MEETING

OF THE

PARLIAMENT.

A

POEM.

——*Nunquam Libertas gratior exit*

Quam ſub Rege pio——

LONDON:

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May 18, 1911.
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TO

Colonel *RICHARD ONSLOW*, &c.

SIR,

YOU will pardon the Liberty I have taken, of prefixing Your Name to the following POEM. The Acknowledgements of a grateful Mind for Privileges he receives in common with the reſt of his Country, cannot be diſpleaſing to HIM, who hath ſo lately and gloriouſly appeared and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in its Safety and Defence----When Treaties were broke in upon, publick Faith violated, and the Hands of thoſe very Powers whom *Britain* had ſupported and ſtrengthened, were perfidiouſly raiſed and levell'd at its Prejudice: When the Drum beat to Arms, and the Trumpet proclaimed the War: And ſome Men (ſhamefully negligent of the Nation's Intereſts, and thoſe Glories to which their Royal Maſter had ſo graciouſly allied, and invited them) made Uſe of one Infirmity to juſtify a worſe; while others excuſed themſelves in the Phraſe of the Scripture, *That they were Married, and could not Come:* Then, to leave the Arms of a beautiful, a loving, and beloved Lady, a Lady yet a Bride; in the Heat and Vigour of Youth, and under all the Temptations to Eaſe

DEDICATION.

Eaſe and Indulgence, that either Fortune or Nature could beſtow; to ſnatch with Indignation the abandon'd Laurel, and to put his private *All* upon the Hazard, in Protection of his Nation's Rights and Liberties, was a Pitch of Heroiſm peculiar to Colonel ONSLOW; and for which his Country hath deſervedly made Him their Repreſentative. As the Love of our Country is the principal, and moſt affecting of all Virtues, ſo it is the only one perhaps in which all Nations agree; an affectionate Husband, a tender Father, a ſincere Friend, and a humane and kind Maſter, are for the moſt Part indeed allowed, but with a manifeſt Objection that they are too private and confined; whereas a publick Spirit is diffuſive like the Sun, it ſpreads it ſelf generouſly among the Nations, takes in the whole Compaſs of human Nature, and all Things more or leſs enjoy its Influence. May You long live to poſſeſs this Virtue, and that Complacency of Mind which ariſes from Benevolence. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

and moſt Humble Servant,

Philo-Patris.

LIBERTY:

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O LIBERTY! the Tribute of a Breaſt
To Thee devoted, and of Thee poſſeſs'd,
Receive; ſo truly Thine no Words can paint,
No Proſpect influence, no Intereſt taint.
What's human Glory to the being Free?
The Man's ſincerely bleſt, hath Health and Thee.
Be it my Pride, to reſt the humble Crook,
And ſing my Pleaſures to the Silver Brook;
To bind the Laurel Wreath, with verdant Bays,
And give *Britania*'s Sons a voluntary Praiſe.

Ye Driades! who Treaſure up the Spring,
Ye Naiades! who honour Ocean's King,
Ye Nymphs! ſo ſoft to Senſe, ſo dear to Sight,
Ye Swains! who in thoſe lovely Nymphs delight;
(The *Britiſh* Senate come to meet their King,
Juſtice and Truth ariſe, and clap the Wing)
Ye Powers! appear, ſalute the glorious Day,
Perfume the Air, with Flowers adorn the Way;
Gay Sports, and frolick Meaſures fill the Green,
Let Joy be heard, and all around be ſeen;
Let ſome the Pipe, and ſome the Song employ,
Hear it ye Earth! ye Seas, repeat the Joy
To Realms remote, extenſive as your Bound,
Where Heaven is glorify'd, or GEORGE renown'd.
Behold! the Sacred Subject fires my Breaſt,
I feel the God, his Influence is confeſt;
The God propitious unto *Europe*'s Fears,
Who ſees the Widow's Cries, and Orphan's Tears,
Bids Freedom ſmile, and Property be known,
And lifts the Arm to give the World its own:
Behold! he cries, (how glorious is the Sight,
The Patriot's Virtue is the Juſt's Delight,)

A Prince,

A Prince, the Pleaſure of the Publick Voice,
Mankind's Delight, and Heaven's auſpicious Choice.
With able Miniſters, and Nobles grac'd,
He merits Power, whoſe Confidence ſo plac'd;
When *Wake* and *King* exemplary direct,
The Ornaments of Bleſſings they protect;
When *Carteret* collects his Soveraign's Rays,
And Majeſty to Subject Realms conveys;
When *Cheſterfield* is ſent Abroad to aid,
Treaties to make, or ſtrengthen thoſe are made;
A *Torrington* at Helm the Ocean Rules,
And *Argyle* is the Scourge of Knaves and Fools.
A *Newcaſtle* takes Orders from the Throne,
And *Townſhend* makes his Maſter's Good his own.
Safe in their Properties the World confides,
Where *Trevor* aids, and *Devonſhire* preſides;
Where *Raymond* ſits, the People's fond Deſire,
Or where directs *Pengelly*, or an *Eyre*.
Yet further ſee, the Sacred God replies,
And take the Glory whole into thy Eyes.
The *Peers* inrob'd, ſurround the Royal Throne,
The *Commons* come to make their Duty known;

O!

O! *Walpole*, Stateſman equal to thy Call,
Open to Merit, candid unto All,
Whether You Truth, or Majeſty ſupport,
Reſtore a Nation, or adorn a Court,
Supreme in Virtue, take my tender Aid,
Nor ſcorn the humble Means by which convey'd;
Juſt to my Laws, my Precepts be allow'd,
Thou know'ſt my Voice, tho' ſpeaking thro' a Cloud:
With equal Zeal, and Worth, purſue, my Son,
My glorious Cauſe, ſo happily begun,
Contemning Faction's ſtingleſs Hiſs, and Race,
The Halter's Scandal, and the Jail's Diſgrace;
Continue human Nature to delight,
Bleſs all! ev'n bleſs thoſe Wretches in their Spite.
Compton, by Grace and Merit now a Peer,
In Judgment ſolid, and of Soul ſincere,
Illuſtrious Star! of Magnitude Divine,
Now nearer to the Sun ordain'd to ſhine,
What Language can thy Eloquence impart?
For cleanly Hands rever'd, and cleanly Heart,
An Age unborn thy Memory ſhall bleſs,
And Times, in all elſe chang'd, thy Worth confeſs,

Among

Among the Wiſe, the Generous, and the Juſt,
Where *George* the Second's nam'd, or *George* the Firſt.
Nor ſhall my *Dodington* refuſe my Care,
Dear to the Muſe, as unto me He's dear;
Mature in Council, regular in Fact,
A Hero in the Will, and in the Act,
Of Manners lovely, amiably Great,
Form'd to ſubdue the ſtubborn Brow of State;
In Majeſty and Meekneſs You excel,
None practice better, none can paint ſo well.
Onſlow, the Honour of a Noble Name,
Receives freſh Luſtre from the Rays of Fame;
Impartial, Juſt, and Learned in the Laws,
Intrepid Soul, and zealous for the Cauſe;
Th' important Day doth come, when Thou ſhalt ſtand,
And bridle Faction with a gentle Hand;
Beneath Thee ſhall the *Britiſh* Genius riſe,
And, with the *Roman* Eagle, hit the Skies;
Our Trade ſhall proſper, and our Wealth increaſe,
And Power extended, have the Bleſs of Peace;
That Peace Thou'lt dignify, our Wants repair,
And act in all Things, worthy *Compton*'s Heir.

Shell-work, with Bandages of Sea-Weed bound,
Be *Jennings*, *Wager*, and a *Norris* crown'd;
Theſe *Oxendon* and *Molineux* convey,
None have more Worth, or more Eſteem than They.
Happy the People are in ſuch a Caſe,
When *Young*'s in Power, and *Pelham* is in Place!
A *Methuen* our Commerce to maintain,
And *Stanhope*, humbling twice the Pride of *Spain*:
A *Horace*, form'd Pacifick Schemes to draw,
And *Wills* prepar'd a Rebel World to Awe.
But ah! what Unanimity, Surprize,
Confine their Action, and intend their Eyes!
The King appears, and fills his Father's Throne,
And, to his Sire's Deſert, adds all his own!
He's Crown'd, the Sacred Robes his Shoulders grace,
And Rays Divine diffuſe around his Face!
Forbear! the God crys out, thy Theme delay,
And leave thy Gratitude to future Day;
Nor raſhly interfere with Hours of State,
Can Patriots liſten when the World doth wait?
Ye Wretched, Juſt, and Good, who him beſeech,
With Joy attend your Gracious Monarch's Speech;

Nations

Nations in Chains, and Realms diſtreſt, appeal;
Let all Things hear, for All its Influence feel;
A Look of Cordial Love his People greets,
And from his Tongue flow more then *Hybla* Sweets;
Religion, and the Laws, confirm'd his Care,
Ye Tyrants tremble! and ye Traytors hear!
Long live the King! the joyful Nation cries;
And Bells, and Cannons, throw it to the Skies.

F I N I S.